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## High, Tight Collars Are Dangerous

Look Out for Your Pneumogastric Nerve.

"I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."—Psalm 139:14.

There are two ideas in this editorial about high collars. One of them makes the quotation of a verse from the Psalms appropriate as an introduction.

We invite you first to consider the fearful and wonderful arrangement which makes your existence possible; second, to consider the folly of wearing high or tight collars that thwart the plan of your wonderful machinery.

That peculiar creation walking around on two legs, which you call "myself"—what is it?

It is a collection of delicate, sensitive organs; each could be destroyed with the greatest ease, and each is protected from attack with the utmost ingenuity.

In the first place, the fact that you can stand up straight on your two legs, and walk and run and jump without losing your balance and falling over a thousand times, is a marvel of leverage and adjustment. There is a little arrangement in your head near the ear, a sort of carpenter's level, that lets you know your balance.

Then see how your flabby personality is cared for and armored.

First is the brain, a soft, spongy mass. It is enclosed in a skull of hard bone, which shuts out practically all attack.

And then the eyes, so easily injured, sensitive to dust, wind, cold, and heat. Each is protected by a marvelous curtain called the eyelid, which washes it, moistens it, heats it a thousand times in an hour.

These two wonderfully adjusted looking-glasses, round, soft, gelatinous mirrors, take in and faithfully describe to a part of the brain, far in the back of the head, all the details of the universe in which you live.

The eyelids protect them, and note how the bony structure of the nose, the forehead and the cheeks protect them also. You may strike with the flat hand any ordinary blow against the eye and the eye scarcely feels it, thanks to its bony armor.

Then notice how the complicated machinery of the mouth and the throat is protected by the strong jaws.

The lungs and all the delicate organs around them are held up by the vertebral column, the backbone, which does for our bodies what the bean pole does for the lima bean plant. And the circular ribs, branching out from the backbone and meeting in front, protect the heart, the lungs and the stomach in a regular bony frame, proof against ordinary attack.

Below, the abdomen is shielded with masses of wonderful muscles, which, if properly developed, are sufficient protection against harm.

Such are a few of the details in our wonderful protective construction.

And this leads us to that wonderful arrangement called the pneumogastric nerve, and to its relation with the modern, foolish high collar.

The pneumogastric nerve runs directly from the stomach to the front brain. It is, so to say, a telephone connecting the kitchen of the human being with the master of the house living in the skull, far above the stomach.

That nerve, going a long distance, is protected in a most ingenious way, as are all of the other important nerves of the body.

The great nerves are so placed in the body that their journey to the brain is protected by bony structure or by thick masses of muscles. It is the system followed on the modern man-of-war. The electric wires leading from the captain in the conning tower, which is the brain of the ship, to the engineer in the engine room, which is the stomach of the ship, are protected not only by the thickest armorplate, but also by being carried through the masses of coal kept to feed the engine.

The pneumogastric nerve is perhaps the most important individual nerve in the entire body. We are very far, as yet, from fully understanding its real importance. It is the chief communication between the marvelous front brain and the material individual which that front brain directs.

In its journey from the stomach to the brain this nerve is protected by strong bone and muscles until it reaches the neck. And there the arrangement for protecting it is, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully" ingenious. The nerve as it goes through the neck must be protected from injury. In Nature's estimate it is even more important than the great veins that supply the brain with blood.

The pneumogastric nerve is enclosed in the sheath which protects the carotid artery. It runs up through the neck between the carotid artery and the internal jugular vein, so that it is protected on both sides by the masses of liquid in these two great blood vessels.

Protected on either side by the two great blood vessels, the all-important pneumogastric nerve goes about its business, taking the important news from the stomach to the front brain, which is the boss. Nature planned the arrangement admirably. There could be no better protection for a great nerve than the liquid surrounding of the carotid artery and the jugular.

But the man is never satisfied. He must always try improvements, and the high, tight collar is one of the most foolish improvements that he tries.

How often we see a man pulling at a tight collar,

(Continued in Last Column.)

## He's Caught Something



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

A week or so ago, a Washington man wrote me that it bored him to become acquainted with girls through the safe and sane channels of conventional introductions.

The honest-to-goodness formula "Miss Jones let me present Mr. Smith," had no charms for him; he preferred to meet fair charms as the dashing young men did in the popular magazine stories, in some highly original and interesting manner.

A young girl war-worker who once held similar views and put them into practice, writes me in regard to his letter which was signed: "Mr. Pieface." I am going to give a part of her letter, because it points a moral in favor of introductions much better than I could, if I moralized for a week.

An Informal Acquaintance. Dear Miss Fairfax—I was much interested in reading the letter signed "Mr. Pieface." If all men were as sincere as his letter leads one to believe him to be, some of the conventions could safely be put aside. Let me tell you of a recent experience of my own.

I am a war-worker here in Washington. I reached the age of discretion a number of years ago. But I am still young enough to enjoy good times. And my good times, heretofore, have never included familiarities, neither have I

### TODAY'S TOPIC "ROMANTIC ACQUAINTANCES"

allowed men to scrape acquaintances with me. But here in Washington lately, I permitted my good judgment to be overruled by my loneliness and love of romance—of which Mr. Pieface writes. I made the decidedly informal acquaintance of a young man and allowed him to call. And I got just what was coming to me and what girls may expect in similar circumstances.

He completely overstepped the bounds of gentlemanly conduct. He apologized sincerely, almost at once, but I was never so utterly humiliated and cannot think of the occurrence without shame. The boy is as manly and honest as the average.

I am sure. But he was not man enough to take me for what I hope at least I seemed. He must needs find out for himself.

And henceforth forevermore I remain a firm believer in the safe and sane introduction. The pitfall part of the whole man and woman question is the fact that so few men have any standards of their own. Most of them let the girl they happen to be with set the standards of both; and not only up hold both, but fight to retain possession of her own.

When a young man is properly presented to a young woman by friends, there is a better chance

of her standards being taken for granted, according to her background and known associates. He will not feel obliged to use the investigating faculties of his queer masculine mind, in finding out for himself.

A DISILLUIONED WANDERER IN THE FIELDS OF ROMANCE.

Met Him At A Cabaret.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been in Washington for the past six months, employed in one of Uncle Sam's departments as a war worker. I came here from New Orleans, La.

The other evening I was in a cafe eating dinner when I noticed a young man looking at me. At first I thought he was flirting, but later decided he was not. After I had left the cafe I thought the matter over and remembered I had danced with him in the San Souci Cabaret in New Orleans.

Later I received a note from him asking if he could call. I have never been introduced to this man and am writing to ask if you consider my dancing with him in a public cabaret an introduction. He has evidently gotten hold of my address in some way. The San Souci was a nice sort of a cabaret, and it was customary for young ladies

to dance with young men who asked them. We people of the South look upon things in a different light from that in which they are regarded in the National Capital. I would highly appreciate your giving this matter your consideration.

J. S.

Your letter suggests the precautionary measure of locking the stable door after the horse has departed. If the young man felt well enough acquainted with you to ask for a dance and you accepted his invitation without other introduction, it seems a little late in the day for you to consider formalities.

Beginning to Act Coldly.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young war worker here in Washington and have been going around with a soldier boy whom I have grown to love dearly. Please advise me what to do, as he is beginning to act very coldly toward me. Now, Miss Fairfax, I know he used to think a great deal of me and please tell me how to regain his love.

ADELE.

I am afraid you showed this young soldier boy too plainly how much you thought of him and made him indifferent by feeling too sure of you. Men, like collectors, always appreciate that which is rare and difficult to acquire. Why not treat him to a little indifference and see how that works.

## Mentality of Quiet Power in the World By ELIZABETH JORDAN

Dear Miss Jordan:

The fellows in our club want you to write about inspiration. What is it? Of course, we know in a general way. What we want you to tell us is how it is exercised and what effect it has on individuals.

INSPIRATION, George, to tell you "in a general way" what you already know, is the awakening or quickening of the mind or of the soul, or of both.

Sometimes it is a supernatural influence, stimulating the spiritual life. Sometimes it is the quickening of the creative impulse to higher artistic achievement.

It is exercised by individuals upon other individuals, consciously or unconsciously. Some men and women take upon themselves the vocation of inspirational work.

They are, so to speak, stars of Bethlehem: pointing the way. The light of a few burns brightly; that of others dimly. And, according as the light shines or fades, the inspiration of the workers is strong

or weak.

You yourself know many such leaders—great statesmen, great orators, great soldiers, great divines. You know how strong is their influence, how big their following.

What you may not know is that in your own office, perhaps working at the next desk, is a quiet man who never talks about himself, who never gives any advice to anybody, yet whose daily life is an inspiration to everybody who knows him.

I myself have known many such men, many such women. One of the men, at least, I shall never forget.

After eight years of life together his wife was dying of a painful, incurable disease. She must live six or seven years, the doctors said—possibly ten. There were three children—all very young. The man's salary was small—barely enough to supply the necessities of life for the invalid and the children. He exercised the

most rigid economy, drinking a glass of milk for lunch and walking miles to save carfare.

For eight years, until his wife died, that man worked down town from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, and then went home to his waiting family. His wife and children adored him. The sick woman was at ease only during the hours when he was with her.

He ate his supper with his children, then undressed them, and put them to bed while his mother-in-law was washing the dishes. When he had given the children a pillow fight and told them a bedtime story, he went to his wife's sick room and sat down in a big chair beside her bed.

For an hour they talked. He told her all the events of the day—the office jokes, the good-buys moved on about the little group of men and women who worked with him. Then, until midnight, he read aloud to her.

At midnight he crept away to bed. Before 7 o'clock in the morn-

ing he was up and dressed, ready to dress his children and give them their breakfast and to have a few moments with his wife before he left home for the day.

It is said by all his friends that not once during the entire eight years was that man seen to frown or utter an impatient word. His poise was perfect. He was the rock on which his little family built a home that was happy, despite its tragedy.

In his office he was invariably cheerful, friendly, and helpful with his associates. For a long time none of them knew what he was going through. Then the friends of his wife began to tell of his devotion, of his utter unselfishness.

His thoughtfulness extended to everyone he knew. He was never too busy, too absorbed, too engrossed in his own trouble, to lend a helping hand to those who needed it. That man was an inspiration to others, every day, every hour, of his beautiful life.

## What Should You Spend on Your Clothes

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

If I were so minded I could write a book, compiled from the letters I receive, on the "Model Husband, His Darker Side."

I always did doubt him, but I never knew how well founded my suspicions were until I began to glean from my various unknown correspondents the details of what might be called his hearthstone manners.

There is such a thing as being too good. One poor woman writes me that her husband has on public exhibition all the virtues known to man. Everyone congratulates her on having secured such a prize, but in spite of her efforts to seem enthusiastic on such occasions, she can only respond in a half-hearted, lukewarm sort of way because back in her mind there lurks the knowledge that when he comes home in the evening he always enters the house via the kitchen, where he pauses to inspect the cupboard, garbage pail, refrigerator, etc., and to carefully interrogate the cook on the subject of the day's expenditures and the manner in which the mistress of the house has spent her time, and whether or not she has been guilty of entertaining any of her friends.

The writer wonders if there is something wrong with her, that she fails in appreciating this treasure at the valuation the world puts upon him.

Something Wrong. All I can say in answer is that if there is something wrong with her there must also be with me, for I am in the same unregenerate class as herself.

It seems to me that in a choice of evils the man who came home occasionally in a furniture-breaking mood and sent a flatiron or a stove plate skimming at your head would be preferable to the daily snooper among the garbage and the nightly nagger over the waste of a wishbone.

One might rise to such large dramatic affairs with the attendant excitement of dodging a stove plate and the big emotional scene of reconciliation afterward; but any woman's spirit would lie down in the dust and die at the prospect of a long, long life with one of these pantry prowlers.

There is a deep instinctive belief in every woman's heart that since "man may range the court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart," it is not within his sphere

to bring his powers of business organization to bear upon the home.

Another woman writes me: "I have been married about twelve years, and at the time of my marriage I was making a fairly good salary, and, of course, bought as I chose. Going to business I did not require the amount of clothes I need at home, and I always dressed very plainly. My husband has a steady income of three thousand five hundred dollars a year, and always makes commissions of at least a thousand more."

The Early Days. "When we were first married I did all my own work, bought only what clothes were absolutely necessary and was very often rebuked by my friends for not looking better. I also helped my husband in his work in order to push him ahead; in fact, I am still doing office work for him."

"But the eternal argument is money. My husband is willing to live in a nice apartment, he runs a car for his sole benefit and allows me eighteen dollars per week for my pin money, newspapers, magazines and the table. He thinks two hundred and fifty dollars per year is enough for any woman's clothes. I contend that it is not."

"He is willing to take me out in the evening if there is a chance of playing cards, but he absolutely refuses to sit and listen to music and conversation. He also refuses to go to dances. I am young and feel that I am entitled to go at least once or twice a year."

"I am perfectly willing to go back to work and support myself, but this he also refuses on the ground that people will think he can't support his wife. I can't stand any longer this pulling both ways. The matter cannot be thrashed out by talking, as he states his side and refuses to hear mine. What shall I do? How much do you think a woman is really entitled to out of an income as above? We have no children."

In reply I can only state principles. Marriage is a contract entered into by two people. The husband earns the money, the wife is supposed to disburse the necessary amount in the maintenance of the home.

I wish some of my readers would write and tell me just what amount they think is proper for a woman to spend on her clothes, her husband's income being the sum given above.

## Once-Overs

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SNUBBING THE MEN FROM YOUR HUSBAND'S OFFICE.

The way some wives treat the men and women associated with their husbands in a business way makes that husband's work-a-day life far from pleasant.

Without a direct intention to punish the man, the snobby uprightness of these particular wives starts a feeling against him, and wife is responsible.

But why be discourteous to those engaged in the same line of work as the head of the house?

"Head of the house"—you resent that for all women, do you, Mrs. Reader? You resent your husband being called head, yet you conduct yourself in such a way that if he have been considered equally the head of the house, your husband needs another partner.

That is what you were supposed to be—a partner—when you two were married—equal partners, both.

Then don't handicap the truest partner you will ever have. Look at the matter from George's standpoint.

He is working for your support and comfort, as well as his own. Keep him in condition to work; do all you can to keep him popular with those with whom he works.

If the truth were known, the one you snubbed may be more valuable to the firm than your husband.

## High, Tight Collars Are Dangerous.

(Continued From First Column.)

or red in the face because it is too tight and too high. He has a feeling that he cannot breathe, but, as a matter of fact, it is the pneumogastric nerve and the pressure on the great blood vessels in the neck that cause the trouble.

The pressure on the blood vessels interferes with the supply of blood in the brain, giving a feeling of fatigue and lack of breath. The pressure on the blood vessels is communicated to the pneumogastric nerve, and this affects even more seriously the normal condition of the sufferer.

When you see a man walking around in a high, tight collar, he looks foolish. But he does worse than LOOK foolish, he really IS foolish, and he is hurting his health.

There is one well-known young man, of great ability, a writer, who has never given his pneumogastric nerve a chance—all for the sake of high collars. And that young man has never known really good health.

The high collar is bad enough when a man walks around, standing straight. It is infinitely worse for the man engaged in reading or writing. Thus occupied, he gets into a position which causes his linen collar to press upon the neck, and the slightest pressure on the great pneumogastric nerve is sufficient actually to undermine his health in the long run.

If a man suffers from dyspepsia, benumbing sensations of various kinds, he can get rid of the entire trouble easily by tearing off the tight linen collar and leaving his neck free.

We would not advise young men to go around with lace collars like girls, nor would we advise them to wear low-necked sport shirts or coats.

But we do advise them to give up the foolish high collars, to be sure that whatever collars they do wear are not unnecessarily stiff, and above all to be sure that they are at least a full inch bigger around than the neck itself—no matter if they do look wobbly.

Don't laugh at this solemn dissertation on high collars and the nerves and the structure of your body. Treat it seriously and you may find your health very much improved in a short time.